

A N
E L E G I E
UPON SEVERAL
Eminent DIVINES

L A T E L Y D E C E A S E D.

A Dieu blest Souls, go take Eternal blis,
Where anguish, sorrow, and all pains do cease,
In the bright Regions of Eternal Days,
Where Heaven-born Souls enjoy the milder Rays,
In the fair Dwellings, where there is no room
For Blood, and where the impious never come.
But stay, their Souls do live among the blest,
Their Bodies are but dorment, and in rest.
If neither Souls, nor yet their Bodies die,
Insulting Death can vaunt no Victory.
What though their Eys be dim'd, they dwell in light,
And Death hath only turn'd their Faith to fight;
Death hath but broke the Glass, that refract Rays
Should be no more the Vision of their days,
But direct Beams in that Cœlestial place,
Where Saints behold the Almighty Makers face.
What though their Bodies in the Dust do fall,
'Tis sure, but for to make them spiritual;
To make them fitter for to tune those Psalms
Which Saints do sing, that bear triumphant Palms:
But if you'll call this sleep a death, then say
They'r but withdrawn to rest till it be day;
Till Christ shall wake them, that they may put on
Like glorious Robes with those which Cloath the Sun,
The Lordly looks of Death do tumble down
Imperial Thrones, and tallest Monarchs Crowns;
All things below do here uncertain stand,
The firmest Rocks are plac'd upon the Sand;
Impartial Death permits none to go free,
Respects no Ages, Sexes, nor Degree,
Scarce lighted are our Lamps, and do burn clear,
But fading die, and quickly disappear.
Alas, alas, our Morning's but begun,
When shades of silent Night obscure the Sun:
Seeing Deaths Lordly hand prevails o're all,
And by his stroke impartially we fall;
Let's live in Heaven, while here on Earth we be,
Continuing mindful of Mortality:

With Allowance.

Let's watch and pray, and chuse the better part,
With *Mary* let us lay Christ next our heart;
And like these Saints let's keep a general love
For every one whose Birth is from above;
That when Death to our days an end shall bring,
With them we may blest Hallelujah's sing,
And pour forth Praises to the Almighty King. }
With numerous Mourners, now they are compast round,
When like good Seed they'r laid into the Ground;
Their light afflictions, which on Earth have been,
Such a Mass of glory have acquired for them;
What though in largeness could our hearts arise
To his whom valid wit pronounc'd most wise;
Yet could we not conceive, much less express,
The vastness of that glory they possess:
Their Fight of Faith is done, even that good strife,
And they have laid hold on an eternal life:
The Conflict's ended, and the Course is run,
The Butt is touched, and the Prize is won:
Their Race is at an end, they the Faith keep;
Their work being finisht, now they are asleep;
Let us them trace in Paths of Holiness,
So that we may obtain Cœlestial Bliss:
When unto Fate we bow, and end our days,
We may have nought to do but sing forth Praise,
And look on Death, the mighty King of fears,
But as a Bridge over this vail of Tears,
To land us on those Banks, along whose side
Streams of pure Pleasure evermore do glide;
And at the last day may rejoycing stand
With Pious Saints at *Jehovah's* right hand.
Why make we then for them so great complaint?
As though, we envy'd Heaven so good a Saint:
No, let us rather joy at their great Gain,
Which doubtful we still labour to obtain.
And let this be comfort t'all those that weep
For Pious Saints, that they'r not dead but sleep.

F I N I S.

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